

## The Freak - Genesis

by SageoftheHalo

Category: Animorphs

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2000-06-26 09:00:00

Updated: 2000-06-26 09:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 21:16:35

Rating: K

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,296

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: A Hork-Bajir Seer gets turned into a Hork-Bajir/Andalite hybrid. Please review if you read, it's my first fic and I need constructive crit. ;)

## The Freak - Genesis

The Freak

><br>Prologue

><br>My eyes scanned the table that my prone figure lay on. Eyes that weren't mine. I looked at my Andalite body. My body that was no longer mine nor Andalite. I looked at myself with disgust. With eyes that weren't mine and myself that was not me. But that disgust was very definitely mine.

><br>At first I argued with him, the Yeerk, Nerak Seven-Nine-Two of the Glac Kear Pool. But then I slowly realized... It was useless. He had total control. Nothing I did could stop him. Except...

><br>Except one thing. I was a freak. Or rather, Nerak's body was. A result of a grotesque experiment. The Visser had finally agreed to let a sample of his DNA be taken. Of course, the one who did it met a quick death via tail-blade, but he did let it happen. Then, me, the real me, Kiru Lintak, Hork-Bajir Seer, was injected with that DNA. I didn't realize at first, but I changed, slowly. First my body. My hips and legs stretched, grew green fur, and two ugly legs came out of my back. It was disgusting! Horrible! It continued until more and more I looked like Visser Three. I had a horse-like body, four strong legs, like my original two, and my true upper body slid toward the front of that horse body. I looked like a centaur with big tyrannosaurus feet, as my human friends call them, and from the waist up, as Marco, one of my human friends now puts it, a walking lawnmower. A true Hork-Bajir from the waist up. But my tail! Ugh, my tail! It had grown another blade. A long, scimitar-like blade, very similar to an Andalite's. I had become a walking killer. No less, one look at me and you could tell I was not natural. Evolutionary laws could not create what I had become.

><br>And being a deadly creature led to my freedom. The Yeerks' own greed brought upon them a terrible enemy. They created more like me.

About five others. They were all successful attempts at a Hork-Bajir/Andalite hybrid. I, however, being a Seer, was the exception. I was too smart. I played my role as having accepted being a slave, and somehow, some way, the Yeerk, Nerak Seven-Nine-Two, had not found this buried thought. It happened on that day, the day that my freedom begin.

><br>My Story

><br>My name is Kirusa-Tallonika-Lintakin. Well, that is my adopted Andalite name. Aximili gave it to me. I am the only unsuccessful attempt at a Hork-Bajir/Andalite hybrid. I fight this war now with my friends, human and alien.

><br>There's Ax, the one most like me. Aximili-Esgarrouth-Isthill. The only other alien fighting against the Yeerks besides a few lucky free Hork-Bajir. Ax is an Andalite. I found him slow to accept me at first, but now he realizes my importance to the war effort. I am faster with the tail blade than he, though a bit more clumsy while running. He, however, will never admit that. Andalite arrogance. Something I could live without, but I would have to live with it.

><br>Then, Tobias, another who is more like me. He is a nothlit, a person who stayed in morph for over the two-hour time limit. Now, his true form is a red-tailed hawk, a boy trapped in a bird's body. But, the Greater Being, the Ellimist, granted the morphing power back to him. He can now assume his human shape for up to two hours, lest he face being trapped again, this time forever. He is a misfit, alone on this planet.

><br>Cassie, the one I think would make the best true Hork-Bajir. Her love for nature would surely make her fit in with my people. She refuses to let anyone harm nature unless it's absolutely necessary.

><br>Marco is light-hearted on the outside, but he carries a heavy burden inside. His mother is Visser One's host. He thought she was dead until a while ago. He makes jokes, most of which are beyond my comprehension, but I laugh anyway. Laughter is said by humans to be the best medicine. I'm not sure they're right, but maybe in their primitive medical field it is.

><br>Rachel is a warrior trapped in the body of a beautiful girl. Or at least, my human friends say she is beautiful. I do not understand the concept, but... She is almost recklessly brave, the first to rush headlong into a dangerous situation, not thinking twice about the consequences. I like that in her. She is a strong warrior.

><br>Jake, finally, is the leader of this group, the Animorphs. He became leader more by simply the fact that he has a strong leader-like personality more than any spoken choice. He is soft-spoken, but knows when to speak up. He truly deserves the title prince that Aximili has given him.

><br>I have become one of these Animorphs. I was given the power to change into any animal I can touch. I currently, however, use my true form in battle. Or one of them. Horkalite, as Marco calls my one-of-a-kind species, Hork-Bajir, or Andalite. I use Alloran's body as my Andalite morph. By injecting his DNA into me, once I was given the morphing power, I discovered that I could call up that DNA in its entirety and morph into Alloran. This has helped many times in fooling the Yeerks. My Hork-Bajir morph is Jara Hamee, one of the free Hork-Bajir. And then, of course, sometimes I'm me, the freak. I like myself though, I think I'm special like that. But it's only me.

><br>Well, back to the story on how I escaped the Yeerk's clutches.

><br>I bent my upper body over to the sludge. Or rather, Nerak bent my upper body. He slid out my ear canal and into the writhing liquid called the Yeerk Pool. He was now Visser Eight, due to taking over my body, my body more powerful than any Andalite's. The only thing that kept Nerak from going higher was me. My freakiness was what kept him from the top. No one, not even the Council of Thirteen, trusted a high-ranked Yeerk to me. Even under Yeerk control, I was dangerous. My will was far too strong for most Yeerks, and so, the Yeerks were afraid that I would break free from Nerak's grip and ruin the Yeerk Empire. They were right about me escaping.

><br>As I bent up from the pool, surrounded by Hork-Bajir, almost fifty of them, I attacked. Before any of them could blink an eye, let alone pull the trigger of one of their Dracon beams, I had taken down six Hork-Bajir that had been grabbing me and held one Dracon in each hand. One I had carefully pointed at the highest-ranking Yeerk in the army of Hork-Bajir they had guarding me, one pointed into the frothing mass of Yeerks in the pool. No one dared to move. So I walked calmly out of the pool, shouting, "Finished! Finished! You'll all be finished by me!"

><br>As I walked out of that horror forever, my parting shot was into the Yeerk pool. Nerak was killed, along with many, many others, both ranking and not.

><br>Epilogue

><br>So that is how I made my escape from the Yeerks. Now, as the only freak of my kind, I will defend the Earth with my five human friends, Jake, Rachel, Marco, Cassie, and Tobias, and my one alien friend, Ax.

> <p><p>

End  
file.